

The Times-Dispatch

DAILY-WEEKLY-SUNDAY.

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1910.

GOVERNMENT WITHOUT LAW.

Score another bull's eye for the Hon. William J. Gaynor, Mayor of New York. Two days after the prize-fight at Reno the Rev. O. R. Miller, of Brooklyn, wrote him a letter protesting "in behalf of the Reform Bureau of this State (New York) and as a citizen of this city (Brooklyn) against the exhibition in the moving picture shows of this city (New York) of the reproduction of the Jeffries-Johnson prize-fight." "We believe," said Mr. Miller, "the exhibition of such pictures in the moving picture shows will be demoralizing and brutalizing to all who look upon them, and that they will have a distinct tendency to reduce the moral tone of our city." In a hastily prepared leaflet, which he enclosed in his letter to the Mayor, Mr. Miller set forth "some of the reasons why we think those pictures should not be allowed to be exhibited in any moving picture show in our country. I am glad to see," Mr. Miller concluded, "that the Mayors of many cities all over the country have already ordered that those pictures shall not be exhibited. Hoping that you may do likewise, I am very truly yours," etc., etc.

Mr. Miller was "truly yours," for a fact, as his letter afforded Mayor Gaynor the opportunity of stripping the feathers from him and all other reformers of like ilk who vex the country from time to time with their pleas for doing things which the law prevents the officers of the law from doing, or which the law does not authorize them to do. The Mayor's letter applies to so many extra-legal remedies which lawless minded men in authority have invoked in the recent past that it is worth printing for this reason, as follows:

"Dear Sir—I thank you for your favor of July 6. If it lay in my power to say whether the pictures should be exhibited I would not take me long to decide it. I do not see how it can do any one any good to look at them. But will you be so good as to remember that ours is a government of laws and not of men. Will you please get that well into your head. I am not able to do as I like as Mayor. I must take the law just as it is, and you may be absolutely certain that I shall not take the law into my own hands. "You say you are glad to see that the Mayors of many cities have ordered that these pictures shall not be exhibited. Indeed! Who set them up as autocrats? If there be some valid law giving any Mayor such power, then he can exercise it otherwise not. The growing exercise of arbitrary power in this country by those put in office would be far more dangerous and is far more to be dreaded than certain other vices that we all wish to minimize or be rid of. People little know what they are doing when they try to encourage officials to resort to arbitrary power. Very truly yours, "W. J. GAYNOR, Mayor."

The prize-fight was a brutal affair. There appears to be general agreement on that point. The law did not forbid it, however, and it took place in the presence of the Governor of Nevada and a strong force of the peace officers of that State. It would have been unlawful if it had been fought in any other State, we believe; but in Nevada it was permitted by law and sanctioned by the highest authorities of that State. It was not more dangerous to the life and limbs of the two men taking part in it than is a football game between the athletes of the colleges of the country; in the opinion of David Starr Jordan, the game of football is equally dangerous if not equally brutal. That is not the point emphasized by Mayor Gaynor, however, who would doubtless make a very efficient half-back or quarter back or whole-back himself, and who is first rate, as his letter to the Rev. Mr. Miller shows, in a centre rush. Hear him for his cause, the cause of every sane and law-abiding man in the country, and be silent that you may hear: "The growing exercise of arbitrary power in this country by those put in office would be far more dangerous and is far more to be dreaded than certain other vices that we all wish to minimize or be rid of. People little know what they are doing when they try to encourage officials to resort to arbitrary power."

Altogether apart from the occasion which brought it out, this timely protest from the Mayor of the greatest city in the country should illuminate the whole heavens. This is a government of law, and if it is to be a safe government its administrators must be governed by law. There is no other course for them to take; there is no safety for the people, no security for our institutions except as officers of the law obey the mandates of the law. The utterly vicious principle which was recently announced by no less a person than the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott that whatever is not actually forbidden to the President of the United States is permitted.

That was the view of William H. Seward when he declared that "there is a higher law than the Constitution." That was the guiding impulse of Mr. Roosevelt when he took advantage, as it suited his purpose, of every opening not expressly guarded against him, to do the things not permitted to him.

That was the spirit which influenced him to disregard the clear mandate of the Constitution touching the treaty-making powers of this country in the San Domingan situation. That was his method in creating the Republic of Panama. That was the crime of his administration in doing by Executive decree and against the counsel of his own legal adviser what the law did not permit and what should have been done only by law. It is a sad reflection upon the integrity of the people themselves and their fitness for self-government that, in spite of his lawlessness, he has been held up to the admiration of the world as the highest type of the modern leader. Well may Mayor Gaynor exclaim: "People little know what they are doing when they try to encourage officials to resort to arbitrary power."

ALL SORTS OF A SITUATION.

The financial situation appears to be steadily improving, in spite of the liquidation that has been in progress and the business failures that have been noted. We are told by Financial America that "money is tighter in the West," and that "steel consumers are holding off, expecting lower prices to obtain;" but the financiers agree in the opinion that "conditions are not as bad as has been painted," and that the heavy loan contraction has so improved the situation that "general satisfaction is felt in financial circles."

An officer of a trust company in Louisville, Kentucky, has been arrested for embezzlement; but the silver market is strong. The night-working time has been reduced two hours in the Mount Clare shops of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; but the street railway lines in Bogota will shortly resume operations. Spot copper has broken in the London market; but the New York Central lines show a wonderful increase in tonnage, and William Loeb is spoken of as the Administration candidate for Governor of New York. The National League of Commission Merchants have complained to the Interstate Commerce Commission about the rates on cabbage, potatoes and other vegetables in car-loads and less from the Charleston, S. C., district to Buffalo, N. Y., and Pittsburgh, Pa.; but the Treasury Department has collected \$20,274,551.93 (don't forget the 93 cents!) from the unconstitutional corporation tax.

What we lose in one place we make up somewhere else. If the vegetables are high in Buffalo, the street car situation is improving down in Bogota. This is a great big world, and it is never so good a world as it is now, and it is getting better all the time. Just the same, however, it would be well for men of small means to keep out of the market. They can make more and save more by investing in neighborhood activities than by risking the little that they have among the bulls and bears who gamble in a big way and for large stakes. A bin full of actual wheat is a far safer thing to contemplate than a thousand bushels with Fatten holding the bag at the Chicago terminal.

A PAGE FROM UTOPIA.

Zach McGhee went over to England last year and has been telling about what he saw and heard and what he excoagitated ever since he got back home. He writes in an entertaining way, even if his conclusions do not always seem to follow exactly his premises. In the July number of "The World's Work" he exalts "The Englishman's Biggest Dollar." It costs less to live in England than it does to live in the United States. The wages are lower, but they will buy more—49 cents worth of American flour in England would cost 70 cents in the United States; 25 pounds of granulated sugar costs \$1 in England; in the United States \$1 would buy only 14 to 16 pounds; 4 pound of soda sells for 1 cent in England, in the United States it would cost 5 cents. The fare on the street cars there is 2 cents; in the United States it is 5 cents. In Washington gas is worth \$1 the thousand feet; in Burnley, "set snugly up among the green hills of Lancashire," it is worth 54 cents. There is co-operation everywhere and municipal ownership and Socialism, in effect, if not in name, whence it follows in Zach's opinion that we should all go and do likewise.

It is an alluring picture. It is not the individual, but the Government; not personal enterprise, but communal effort. In England it is the man who buys and not the man who sells who is looked after by the Government. It is Utopia. Everybody is taken care of—"In England they are looking out for the interests of the landlady, who has to buy, and there is no tax." Yet, according to the International Year-Book for 1909, 156,529 persons, representing \$76,043 dependents, were relieved last year by the Local Government Board, as compared with 54,613 persons, representing 156,971 dependents relieved during the previous year. The number of dependents upon the bounty of the Government last year was \$1 per 1,000 of population. The loans for public relief were sanctioned by this Board from August 1, 1908, to January 31, 1909, were \$11,641,235. A tree is some times judged by its fruit.

We are told by Mr. McGhee that all the telegraph lines in Great Britain are owned and operated by the Government at cost, that when the present franchise of the telephone company expires in 1911, the Government will take over all telephone lines, and that there is more or less general belief that the taking over of the railroads will soon follow. Probably so; but it will be at the expense of the service and without compensating benefits to the people. The news comes that the telephone company is doing nothing to better the service—why should it, seeing that it has uploaded on the Government?—and that the Post-Office Department, which will shortly manage the system, is wholly indifferent. Between this two-fold negligence subscribers are getting the worst service

they have ever had. The Central News Agency reports: "The condition of affairs promises before long to become intolerable. It is incredible that a branch of the Post-Office, which is by far the most business-like Government department, shall allow its previous reputation to be lost through its dilatoriness in handling the situation now being created."

There is no doubt, however, that Mr. McGhee found a great many things at Burnley that appealed to his long-suffering ardor for the good of the people—attractive vine-clad cottages in which thousands of happy workers lived cheaper than they could live in the United States, and some great power behind it all to take the burden off everybody. We imagine that Burnley would be exactly the sort of place Colonel William Jennings Bryan and Dick Britton, of Charleston, recently appointed a member of the executive committee of the Socialist Party, would love to inhabit, with the Government keeping watch over them. The lily of the valley tolls not nor spins; but is far better looking than any of us, and does not have to work for its living. That is the condition to which we would all like to attain. Somebody, of course, will have to pay the freight; but it does not matter so long as it is the other fellow.

LOEB.

They say now that Loeb will be nominated for Governor of New York by the Republicans, but if we were in Loeb's place we should hold on to the custom-house until after all the votes had been cast and the election declared. It is also said that he will enter the race as the candidate of the Administration that was and the Administration that is, but if all the signs do not fall that is a handicap instead of a help. Of course, no one knows what the people of New York will do, but we are mistaken in our guess if they do not resent such interference with their affairs. In our opinion, the passion for a dead political duck has spent its novel force. It petered out with the "reception" on its return from the Dark Continent, and it will never come back, at least to stay. More people were really interested in the prize fight than in what it was saying and doing. There is one thing that can be said about the American people—they forget faster than they remember.

Loeb would make a very good Governor if he could only have a chance, but he would fall utterly if he should go into office to carry out the plans of any other man. For years Loeb commanded the admiration of the country by his playing in the title role of Buffer Extraordinary, but he doubtless had enough of it to last for all time. He would find it easier to continue sleuthing for smugglers than to act a cat paw for fakirs.

GOING BACK TO LOCAL OPTION.

In the opinion of Judge John T. Lackland, of Alabama, statutory prohibition has been a marked failure in that State. He voted for the proposed amendment to the State Constitution providing for State-wide prohibition, and he confesses his delight at the defeat of the measure, as, after the test to which the question has been subjected, he has reached the conclusion that "the only temperance measure that has ever succeeded is the local option measure." Before any law can be enforced it must have intelligent public sentiment behind it. "From the very beginning of the prohibition statutes in Alabama," Judge Lackland says, "we have had innumerable violations of the law, and the measures that the Legislature enacted are so drastic that in many cases public sentiment has been against their enforcement." The prohibition laws have been violated not only in the towns and cities, but in the rural districts as well, and these laws will be so amended, in Judge Lackland's opinion, that the local option method of regulating and restricting the traffic will be restored, "and this will be done in the interest of temperance." Not only is the local option method the Democratic method, but it is also the common sense method. Agitate as we may, human nature is human nature in Alabama as it is in Charleston and Richmond and in all other places. Men cannot be changed by a simple suit of saith the Lord of any legislative body that ever assembled.

THE MOSQUITO PEST.

Already some of our exchanges are beginning to bewail the mosquito pest, and are printing dismal stories of its ravages. We are told that the mosquito has come with the first hot weather; that he hides himself by day in decent men's collars and ventures forth when night falls; that he invades the bed chamber and sings about the ears of a sleepy man; that he gets beneath the gauze netting and cannot be dislodged by all the arts of war. He is depicted, in pitiful phrases, as somewhat larger than a leather-wing bat, with a fang far longer and more piercing than that of any rattlesnake. Unless he be driven away, our brethren say, life will not be worth the living, and even the joys of vacation will be turned to mourning.

Resting blissfully on these peaceful hills where no mosquitoes ever come, and fanning ourselves with the zephyrs borne to us by the favoring winds, we people of Richmond can afford to laugh at the rest of the world. Mosquitoes are unknown here, and the few which visit us are brought in the trains from Charleston and other pest-ridden spots. The average mosquito which comes to Richmond feels so much ashamed of himself at venturing into such hallowed precincts that he dares not bite, but flies away at the first opportunity.

Of course, Richmond itself is the best explanation why there are no mosquitoes here; still, we are willing to divulge the methods by which we have

rid ourselves of the pest in the hope that other towns will be wise enough to follow our lead. The mosquito question is purely a local one. It concerns every man's own house and can be settled, in most instances, directly on the premises. Occasionally, mosquitoes are brought from a distance, and they may be carried by a strong wind for some miles; but in ninety-nine cases of the hundred, they are bred within a few hundred feet of the place where they appear. Then, too, they are never bred anywhere except in stagnant water. No other mud attracts them, and no other fluid will develop the larvae. When a man drains off all the stagnant water about his place—empties the rain-barrel, overturns the unused flower pots, dries up the sink-holes in his back-yard, and persuades his neighbors to do the same thing, his troubles are at an end. Where he cannot drain off the water, he can cover it with a thin film of kerosene, which prevents the young larvae from breathing, and can thus destroy the pest.

This is the way it is done in Richmond and in some other towns we might mention. It is very easy, very efficient, and we commend it to those of our neighboring cities which are adding to the municipal litany a plea that the Lord will deliver them from the song of the mosquito and from his villainous bite.

THE AGE THEY MARRY.

While Mr. Durand's men are counting everything from the number of people who are not in Atlanta to the number of dairy cows in Illinois, the English have caught the census fever and have been making some spectacular efforts to show that the Americans are not the only people who can juggle figures.

One of their statisticians recently noticed a great many single women in London and began to wonder how many English women really married. His estimate of the total number, based on the tax returns, is so unreasonable that it must be rejected at the start, for he says that only 15 women the thousand get married, but his estimate as to the age of marriage is much more reasonable, and is obviously correct. According to him, the English woman does not marry when she is young, and, indeed, has a better chance of getting a companion for life if she wait—until the shadows of spinsterhood begin to fall. From 25 to 29, one woman in eight marries; or, in other words, a woman who is 25 can gamble that her chances of finding a husband before she is 30 are one in eight. The next most popular period of life for marriage is from 29 to 34, during which time one girl in 13 finds a man who is willing to pay her bills. Below this age, there are few girls who can get married or who are willing to take a husband, since in only one marriage in 12 that occurs is the girl younger than 20.

Remarkable as it may seem, women who would be classed as old maids in this country and doomed to lasting singleness are by no means hopeless in England. One woman in 23 marries between the ages of 30 and 34; one in 28 after she reaches 35 and before the fat and fair age comes; from 40 to 41, one lone woman in 58 finds an unsuspecting husband, to the one fresh girl in 73 who marries under 20. Even in the dismal days between 55 and 61, one woman in 345 marries for the first time, having been among the fortunate—or unfortunate—in the previous mating.

The cynical may suggest various reasons for this state of affairs, and may attribute the frequent marriage of aged spinsters to design; but for our part, we think the age at which men are able to marry in England is the true explanation. It is a well-known fact that in England only 5 men in the thousand earn at any time more than \$1,000 the year. This fact naturally limits the total number of marriageable men and postpones the time at which a man can afford to marry. Young men who love girls of their own age find it impossible to marry; men who can afford to marry are generally beyond 30, and hence do not choose very young wives. Even the older men, who reach the point of affluence where they can afford to take unto themselves wives, prefer women of mature tastes, nearer their own age. The race is for the patient, not for the swift.

Norfolk is just waking up and realizing the tremendous value that a city receives from having conventions held within its gates. Richmond has known this a long time, and "Richmond as a convention city" is the favorite melody sung by Business Manager Dabney, of the Chamber of Commerce. According to the Portsmouth Star, the Norfolk Board of Trade is calling together representatives of all the commercial organizations of the city in order to launch a co-operative movement for securing conventions for Norfolk. Richmond is now "the convention city," not only of Virginia, but of the whole South, and if Norfolk expects to do any business toward getting conventions, it has a long road to travel.

Judging from the reports, the high cost of living has not affected the prosperity of the hoboes of the country, for they are going to have a national convention at Carthage, Ill., for a week, beginning July 18. They will feed on beets and beer and Brunswick stew, and expect to have a great time. They will start with an immense barbecue, at which "Tin Horn"

Winters will make an address of welcome. A regular programme has been arranged, one of the speeches being entitled, "Work, Baeili and Immunes That I Have Met," while another is to read a long treatise on "The Tightwad's City, Atlanta, Ga." More than one thousand hoboes will be present. The Richmond delegation, headed by Grand Dilettante Jones and "Hookworm" Hungerpiller, left yesterday in their special blind baggage, and will take a prominent part in the deliberations of the convention. We trust that they will deport themselves in accord with the fine old Latin conception of the state of a gentleman, "ease with dignity."

What is going to become of Lynchburg? Business there almost stopped this week, when the pride of the city, a new taxicab, the only one in the county, arrived. We tremble to think of what Lynchburg will do next. If this maddening pace keeps on, the standing city on the James may soon have cafes with soft pink lights and lobster a la Newburg, and the waiters in the hotel will speak a fine French patois.

Rivanna District in Albemarle county is taking up the matter of good roads. A meeting will soon be held there to discuss a vote for a good roads bond issue. This may be another link in the strong chain already begun, and it is to be hoped that the bond issue will soon be a fact.

They tell us there actually is a chiropractor in Roanoke. This is, indeed, remarkable, for at the last session of the General Assembly the question was asked in vain: "What is a chiropractor?" A man who fought for the bill to regulate chiropractice said at the time that he thought there was only one chiropractor in the State, and he wasn't sure that he could tell just where he might be.

Kermit would have saved steamer passage if he had sought a sweetheart in Richmond, instead of Paris; and that is not all. The exquisitely lovely maidens of this town would have made him sit up and take notice, and he would have forgotten that there ever was such a place as Paris. But maybe Kermit knew that if he came here courting would prove, indeed, "the strenuous life," and so he will sit and look at the moon by the banks of the turbid Seine, instead of alongside the grassy slopes that border the translucent and sparkling waters of the James.

The Old Man misses his family who have gone to the springs for the summer, but he is consoling himself with a broad and liberal view of things, for he used to use the tumbler for his "three fingers," and the long-handled gourd for the "chaser," but as "absence makes the heart grow fonder," he is now using the gourd for the fluid in the wicker demi, and merely puts a few drops of water in the tumbler for the afterthought.

Westhampton is getting to be quite the thing, and so is Ginter Park, and Barton Heights, and Woodland Heights and all the other suburbs of this rapidly growing town. Some of the new housekeepers at Westhampton do not understand how to start a poultry yard for the most effective work. Six roosters to two hens is not a fair division of the featherly tribe.

The members of the Press Association will sail this morning for Norfolk. They will doubtless have a very delightful time. The river is broad and deep, the landscape is fair, the skies will be blue, the sun will be generous in its warmth, and the company will invite reflection and enjoyment. It is hoped that the brethren will consider not how much they owe the public, but how much the public owes them. It is time the press of the State was beginning to feel its oats.

It can be said of Mayor Thayer, of Norwich, Connecticut, that he is bubbling over with good humor and that he is at least a far better looking man than Bulkeley.

Don voyage to the members of the Virginia State Press Association who go down to the sea in a ship to-day. It is hoped that all of them are well supplied with mosquito netting. They will find it of great comfort as long as they are within the sphere of the Norfolk Landmark's influence.

Does the Landmark happen to know what the plural of pomelo is? The subject has come up for discussion again through the agency of the New York Times. Is it pomelos or pomello?

How would it do to require all horses hitched to pleasure vehicles to be shod with rubber shoes? A little gum-shoeing on our great boulevards would greatly relieve the strain of summer.

The recent disappearance of the cashier of one of the small banks in this State with some of its available cash and his reminder to the institution that he had "gone to the tall timber," leads the Houston Post to remark, "there seems to be a virile strain of Republicanism in Ole Virginny yet."

The Houston Business League has determined upon a great advertising project, the details of which we are gravely informed, cannot yet be given out. That is a queer beginning. An advertising scheme that cannot be advertised will, of course, make people curious to know what it is and in that way attract the widest attention. If the Business League will believe us, the best advertising project in Houston is the Houston Post. We hate to say it, because the Post is the incarnation of pure eussedness; but it has really advertised its town more than all the commercial bodies in the town have done or could do.

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

Ages of Jeffries and Johnson.
 Please give the ages of Jeffries and Johnson, the prize fighters.
 Jeffries, thirty-five; Johnson, thirty-two.

Poe and the Hall of Fame.
 Is Edgar Allan Poe, the poet, in the Hall of Fame?
 No.

National Consumption of Liquor.
 What amount of alcoholic drinks is consumed each year in the United States?
 About 2,006,233,408 gallons.

V. P. I. Graduates.
 How many graduates are there of V. P. I.?
 751.

Oldest College Fraternity.
 What is the oldest college secret fraternity?
 Kappa Alpha (Northern) is usually called the oldest. There is some claim to Sigma Phi Epsilon, but this is not an established fact.

Commander-in-Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.
 Who is commander-in-chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans?
 Clarence J. Owens, of Abbeville, Ala.

"My Life Is Like the Summer Rose."
 Who wrote the poem beginning "My life is like the summer rose"?
 Richard Henry Wilde, of Georgia.

Requirements for D. A. R. Membership.
 Can you tell me how to become a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and what are the conditions necessary for membership? I am eligible, but do not live near a chapter, and have not been able to get the information concerning membership, and I thought there is possibly a chapter at large of which

I could become a member.

AN INQUIRER.
 Every application for membership must be indorsed by at least one member of the National Society, and is then submitted to the registrar-general, who reports on the question of eligibility to the board of management and upon its approval the applicant is enrolled as a member. The headquarters of the society are 902 Street, Washington, D. C. We are under the impression that there are no chapters at large, but you could learn definitely by applying to the address given above.

The Sayers-Heenan Fight.

"E. C. Money, of Clumont, has been kind enough to send us a reply to the question lately asked about the Sayers-Heenan prize fight. He says: Tom Sayers, the champion prize fighter of England and John Heenan, organized, can fought for \$200 a side and the belt. The fight took place at Farnborough, Kent, England, and lasted for more than two hours, in which time Heenan was beaten almost blind and Sayers was dreadfully bruised. The continuation of the fight was stopped by the police breaking into the ring. Tom Sayers was out for some time, but Heenan was laid up for a week."

Requirements as to Witnesses for a Will.

How many persons are required to witness a will in Virginia, in which one wishes to leave real estate to outsiders instead of legal heirs?
 Two competent witnesses are required by the law of Virginia. If the will be wholly in the handwriting of its maker, no witnesses are necessary at all. Whether the maker devises real estate to residents or non-residents of the State, the requirement is the same as to witnesses.

NEW YORK ART FIRM GETS FINE VANDYKE

BY LA MARQUESE DE FONTENAY.

HE painting, "The Earl and Countess of Derby and their Child," which has just been purchased by the National Gallery, is a masterpiece of Kneller, the finest masterpiece of Vandyke in the collection of Lord Clarendon, and perhaps the finest Vandyke in all England, and there is a considerable amount of feeling against the earl for having failed to give the National Gallery, or some other public institution, the chance of buying it before allowing it to go abroad. Indeed, the country seat near Watford, Derby, who with his French wife, daughter of the French house of De la Tremoille, defended Lathom House against Oliver Cromwell, and who, as Charles, and was subsequently put to death on the scaffold, like his royal master, as a penalty for his defiance of the Protector. The portrait of the earl, which is a fine work of art, is a portrait of a man who was not far out of London, and he may therefore be pardoned for having been willing to accept a handsome offer for one of them, in which he did not have any immediate ancestral interest.

The Grove is a Queen Anne house, dating in its present condition from the first years of the eighteenth century, and was purchased somewhere about 1750 by the first Lord Clarendon, one of the most famous statesmen of the early Victorian era, and who is declared by many of his contemporaries to have been the real father of the Empress Eugenie, having as a young man been one of the most devoted admirers of her mother, while his affection for her was deepened by his marriage, had always been marked by a certain parental tenderness.

The "Memoirs of Charles Greville" show that many a Cabinet was made and unmade at the Grove. It is full not only of magnificent pictures, but of all sorts of historical relics, among them the original gold key of Hyde Park, presented by Charles I. to his Lord Chancellor, Clarendon, when, in 1655, he decided to sacrifice his own pleasures of the chase to the welfare of his people, and abolishing his game preserves in the Park of Hyde. He then went to the Yaulle, giving the gold key of the domain to the Lord High Chancellor, in token of the occasion. Another relic is the portrait of the Countess of Derby, painted by Kneller, which was sent over to Charles II. for his inspection, and which so captivated him that he made her his wife. The portrait of Lord Clarendon is the fifth of his line, and is a cadet of the House of Villiers, of which the Earl of Jersey is the chief. His earldom was created by George I. in 1716, in favor of William Villiers, a younger son of the second Lord Jersey, and who had married the granddaughter of Edward VII. is one of the best-known figures in English court life.

Lord Ribblesdale has created something of a sensation in England by lending Gisburn Park, his ancestral country seat near Clitheroe, in Lancashire, for the use of a great Socialist demonstration, under the management of Kell Hardie and Philip Snowden.

The Socialist member for Blackburn, there are many who, recalling the fact that Lord Ribblesdale's eldest son, the Hon. Charles Lister, made, while still at Oxford, a profession of Socialism, and that he was a member of a Socialist party in the university, numbering about 200 of the undergraduates, have assumed that he was a Socialist, winning over his father in his views. But this is to the last degree improbable. Lord Ribblesdale, who is married to a sister of Mrs. Lasguth, the wife of the Premier, has always looked upon politics rather as a joke, and though professing Liberalism, and even Radicalism, has never been a member of the House of Lords the budget of Lloyd George, afterwards spilt the whole effect of that defense by alluding to the Countess of Derby as a "half-pantalo and half-highwayman."

Lord Ribblesdale first achieved distinction in 1887 by his success in interviewing a few obscure statesmen, Charles Stewart Parnell, to whom he was a perfect stranger at the time. The peer and the great Irish leader traveled together, and the latter's departure from London to Holyhead before the journey ended the ordinarily impenetrable Irish statesman's silence. Lord Ribblesdale, by his charming himself about a number of interesting measures relating to the Home rule question, which appeared two days later in print, and was never denied.

Nicknamed "Dribblesquash" by his friend and crony, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, and "The Earl of Edward VII., on account of the peculiarly eighteenth century look of his clean-cut, high-bred, clean-shaven features, surrounded by a mane of white hair, he was famous in his day as a boxer. Indeed, he used to be credited with the ability to punch more than 100 rounds a day, and was a member of the House of Peers, with the possible exception of Lord Londesborough, between whom and himself, in a boxing match, it would have resulted in a tie.

Gisburn House, the scene of the recent Socialist gathering, has been in the possession of Lord Ribblesdale's family for more than three centuries, stands at the meeting of the Rivers Ribble and Stockbeck, is a gray, solid looking mansion built nearly 100 years ago, of stone from the Yorkshire fells. In the eighteenth century a party of French plasterers were brought over from Paris to Gisburn Park, where the Lister of his day, and worked for a year or more at the plastering and decoration of the house. They were so well liked by the lord, that the manor that when they left they adorned the entire hall of the principal staircase with figures, life-size, in half relief, in which the members of the family, as they then consisted, were represented as reading, writing, playing a lute, and holding a bow, and other such occupations.

Through the sudden death the other day of Prince Marie of Wied, the Dutch throne loses one of its heirs. Princess Marie was a daughter of the late Prince Frederick of the Netherlands and Princess Louise of Prussia. In fact, she was the only surviving member of the House of Orange under Queen Wilhelmina and her little daughter, the Princess Juliana. Her eldest son, Frederick, was a sailor for the hand of his cousin, Queen Wilhelmina, but ultimately married her best friend, Pauline, only daughter of the present King of Wurtemberg, by his first wife. The rights of the late Princess Marie to the throne of the Netherlands are, however, inferior to those of Princess Marie of Saxe-Weimar, who is the wife of the late Prince of Orange, and whose mother, the late Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, was Princess Sophie of the Netherlands, sister of the late King of Holland.

Princess Marie of Wied's death is likely to under still further critical the condition of health of her sister-in-law, Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, who has lately been very ill indeed, suffering from the influenza. We learn that the news of the princess's death has until now been withheld from her.

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